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VOL 6. NO. 135.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 26,

1862.

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR

AUGUST, 1862,

IS

Ready To-Day.

IT CONTAINS CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
THEODORE WINTHROP,
THE COUNTRY PARSON,
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MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS

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OPINION OF AN OVERWORKED MAN.

Elegant Young Man.—"THE IDEAW OF DRAFTING FELLAHS LIKE YOU AND ME! WHY CAN'T THEY RAISE AN ARMY OUT OF THE IDLE MEN?"

To Parties Interested.

AN armorer has lately invented a breech-loading rifle, which is discharged without the appliance of a cap.

The inventor claims cheapness as a principal advantage to be derived from his improvement. It does away with Prime cost.

Astronomical.

THE Albany *Journal* says that a new Comet has just been detected from the Dudley Observatory, the principal characteristic of the little stranger being that it has no tail.

Perhaps the Comet-man at the Dudley doesn't know Ursa Major when he sees it. Bears have no tails.

"Les Miserables with the Leaves Cut."

THE Trees in our City Parks.

A Weed among Flowers.

CIGARS may be compared to women. The best, the loveliest of them are Conchas—that they are.

A Lamp-post Dialogue.

"OUGHTN'T he to Catch it?"

"Who?"

"The man who paves a street with Trap block."

Silver Change.

"How silvery his moustaches look!" remarked ORSON, as the Old Beau passed into the smoking-room at the Club.

"Silvery?—why, they're as black as charcoal!" exclaimed VALENTINE.

"Well, I meant Nitrate of Silvery," explained ORSON.

THE "SHARP" CONGRESSMAN.

AIR:—"The Bold Soldier Boy."

NOT a brisker trade was going,
Worth knowing, or showing,
Than that from Contracts growing
To the sharp Congressman!

Well he knew how, in the lob-
By, to "fob" a quiet "job,"
And with "Borers" to hobnob,
Did the sharp Congressman!

What a great accommodation
To the "Leeches" of the Nation
Was the quiet "operation"
Of the sharp Congressman!

Each fellow knew
Just what to do
To have his contract "jockeyed" through;
He merely "greased" the digits
Of the sharp Congressman!

But contractors who have "socked,"
How they're "knocked!" how they're shocked,
Since the little game is "blocked"
Of the sharp Congressman!

Henceforth there'll be less robbing;
Uncle SAM will do his jobbing,
Unassisted by the fobbing
Of the sharp Congressman!

May their fame fill
Who passed the "Bill"
That "bars" from Uncle SAMUEL'S "till"
The sticky presti-digits
Of the sharp Congressman!

A Michigan Tallow.

SENATOR CHANDLER, in his recent onslaught on General MCCLELLAN, wound up his tirade with the remark:

"I know that I shall be denounced, but only by two classes of people—one traitors, and the other fools. Nobody else will denounce me."

Well, we denounce Senator CHANDLER as a malignant who needs some little attention paid to him by good Union men, and as V. F. takes particular pleasure in acknowledging itself the Chief of Fools, and its record being clear upon the alternative of Mr. CHANDLER, it does not hesitate to say that it considers Mr. CHANDLER as eminently worthy of a short residence in Fort Lafayette. There is another class, however, which the honorable Senator omitted to mention, namely, Knaves, to which the better portion of the community may think he properly belongs.

THINGS TO BE EXPECTED.

THAT the Senatorial CHANDLER will keep howling for "more Light."

That the same persevering individual will insist upon Diving down for dirt to throw at the President and his Right-hand Man, by way of illuminating the country with a series of CHANDLER'S Dips.

That, CHANDLER though he be, some diabolical influence will finally reduce him to cook his own goose with Gas.

That somebody will have to put an extinguisher on CHANDLER'S Rush-light, lest it should fall among the combustibles and damage the premises.

That CHANDLER will eventually burn his fingers with his own fat.

That nobody will care whether he does or not.

Fine, Square old Sentiment.

"WHEN a dilemma is charging down upon you with its two Horns, old man, lose no time in idle chaff, but get behind a third."

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McArone.

Dear Vanity:—This morning, as I was taking an invigorating bath in the pellucid crystal of the Pamunkey, I saw an Intelligent Contraband fishing. Accustomed as I am to throwing out my Lines, I approached him and entered into conversation.

"Are you from Richmond?" I asked.

"I am," he replied.

"How long?"

"'Bout tree four mile."

"Is Stonewall Jackson dead?"

"Mebbe."

"Where are Beauregard and Davis?"

"Summers."

"But the Winters of my discontent," I murmured, bitterly. "Tell me, child of Zanguebar, is the late battle regarded as a reverse in Richmond?"

"Quite the Reverse."

He was evidently what I should call a conservative Negro; one of the Old Live Nigs, in fact. It struck me that he would make a good nucleus of a party, and I offered him that position at once.

"No," said he, "I don't want it. I only want one thing. Look a-here. You're a colonel, or suthin. Well. Now I want you to git Abe Linc'n to make a law. A Fugitive Slave-Owner Law. We niggers wants our mars'rs. We must have 'em. We've got a right to 'em. Then"— his face lighted up with a glow of triumph—"then, send 'em back—darn yer!"

The idea struck me favorably.

"Our mars'rs," resumed the Contraband, baiting his hook with a worm which he had held in his mouth, "our mars'rs is our faithful friends and purwiders. The ties of hereditary association, frequently of blood, bind us to them and them to us. Now, they have run away from their happy homes and our fostering care, and you must send 'em back wherever you find 'em. It's my opinion," said he, impressively, "that it's Constitootional."

"Who are you?" I asked, much overcome.

"I'm Robert Small," he replied. "You've read about me and Fremont in the *Tribune*."

"I haven't read about anything else in the *Tribune*," remarked I. "Will you smile?"

"No, thank you. I don't use it at all. . . . Well, if you insist!"

He removed a handful of bait from his mouth, and drank from my flask with an air of great intelligence. Possibly Mr. Greeley is mistaken in his recent statement that the negro belongs to an inferior race. . . .

I shall make every endeavor to find the master of this conservative Contraband, and shall return him to his slaves as soon as possible. The cruelty of some of our Generals in running off the slaveholders from their blacks, is most reprehensive. I shall attend to it.

There is little or no war-news here or elsewhere. Here we are preparing for a good time in Richmond. My generals elsewhere are devoting themselves to proclamations. . . .

Fremont is entirely safe.

Stonewall Jackson is said to be killed.

. . . He is also said to be not killed. . . .

For my part, I think he is somewhere between the two.

Later.—Do you know anybody, dear Vanity, who wants to speculate in ashes? I have a fine invoice, which I will dispose of in lots to suit purchasers. They are on the bank of the Mississippi, in a place known as the site of the city of Vicksburgh. I expect to have another lot shortly, where Mobile now stands. See if I don't.

It is not intended that the Rebels shall have all the burning business to themselves.

For myself, I Burn for conquest!

Let me tell you that it is very warm down here. Iced applejack is my principal article of diet. It is, in fact, my best friend, and I am, Yours, McArone.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

The President, General McClellan, the Secretary of State, and all the other Secretaries, the Editor of Vanity Fair, and several other distinguished Americans, were, by a recent arrival from Europe, plunged into the lowest depths of despondency; although we are happy to say that all the illustrious parties aforesaid are now in a fair way of recovery. The steamer brought several passengers, a trifle of specie, more or less freight, and the opinion of the *London Morning Herald* to the effect that "the Union has become a nuisance among nations." It is now anticipated that Victoria, Napoleon, and the Editor of the *London Morning Herald* will soon be over to settle American affairs. The fine bull perpetrated by the last-named potentate, who assures us "that impossible things cannot be long allowed to remain," gives us a further assurance that he is of the Irish persuasion, and will prove a disorderly customer, should he be permitted to land here with impunity. It will either be necessary to send Wilkes out to intercept him, or if milder measures, in the shape of quarts, are to be adopted, let him be met at the pier by a Committee of Vigilance, and at once put upon unlimited rations of gratuitous whiskey!

The Union a Nuisance! Well, in Ireland and in India, they call England a nuisance; and a great many Englishmen call Parliament a nuisance; and we have no doubt of the fact that this very writer in the *Morning Herald* is a nuisance to his nearest friends. Do we interfere? Is anybody sent over to bully Bull? Has the Editor of Vanity Fair been despatched to take the conceit out of the Editor of the *Morning Herald*—a job which, without the slightest preliminary training, he feels fully competent to perform? Not at all?

An ancient writer, whose name unfortunately has escaped our memory—Smith, we think it was, or perhaps Jones—finely observes that the rule, "Mind Your Own Business," is rather than else a good one. Its observance, certainly, has a tendency to make things comfortable; and its violation has, to our certain knowledge, more than once been followed by a row. That Lancashire should have cotton to spin is, of course, desirable to Lancashire; but that the United States should surrender a great many square miles of territory in order that Lancashire may spin cotton, doesn't strike us as what you may call, with a strict regard for veracity, a self-evident proposition. We are, down to the bottoms of our boots, sorry for Lancashire. If worse comes to worse, we can spare a little charitable corn for Lancashire—and it will not be the first time that the bellies of British paupers have risen up to call us blessed. But as for being bullied by Lancashire—as for being snubbed, taunted, frightened into doing for Lancashire what we do not choose to do, or have no right to do—why, the very idea of that makes us feel, to a limited degree, unwell.

The United States of America in this war have right, and therefore, as we reverently believe, God upon their side. It is human to err, and therefore it is possible, though not very probable, that Vanity Fair may be mistaken; but it is our decided opinion, based upon the experience of a long and well-spent life, that Honesty is the Best Policy as well for Nations as for Individuals; and when a Nation cannot stand upon its own pins, it becomes a Nation not to be tolerated, and the sooner it retires from business the better, whether that business be cotton-spinning or something less respectable. If we, on the other hand, cannot flourish without the benign approbation of the *London Herald*—then bring on the Blackest and Deepest Pot you please—we are ready to Go To It. And if High and Mighty England cannot live without committing what would be equivalent to highway robbery, all we have to say to her is—Die and Be——Done With It!

The Comic "Tribune."

It is too bad of the *Tribune*, now, considering all we have done and are going to do for it, to lacerate our hopes of fame by rushing into competition with us in the humorous line. The boisterous sheet referred to has done this. Describing in its issue of last Friday, a big Newfoundland dog, the *Tribune* states that the animal is equal to the "performance of diver's duties."

Only think of that!—Diver's duties for a water-dog! Go along, Yorick!

Unnecessary Caution.

We observe in the advertising columns of the daily papers, a caution against "harboring or trusting any of the crew of the British brig *Titus*."

Now would anybody in the enjoyment of right mind ever dream of offering board and lodging to a lot of Titans or Tight 'uns, either or both of which it seems rational to suppose that the crew of the *Titus* must be?

The Way we Feel about it.

A paragraph in an Auburn paper informs its readers that a laborer living at that "loveliest village of the plain" has just inherited an immense fortune from his grandfather, lately deceased in Ireland. The laborer, we are told, was engaged in "laying stone-wall by the perch" when the news reached him.

Now, had we been engaged in laying Stonewall by the perch, we rather think that it would take a very big sum to tempt us away from our business before we had finished it.

Prominent Citizen.—"SAY, YOU'RE FOGRAPHER? WELL, WANNER HAVE MY CARTFOGRAPH TOOK JUZ I AM!"

BAD FOR T. H. SEYMOUR.

IT seems that the ex-Governor bearing the above name has got into trouble with the people of Hartford, on account of his opposition to the Government arrangements for conducting the war. Respectable citizens, irritated to madness by the course of the ex-Governor, have given expression to their feeling with various severity. One worthy man, who had called his son TOM, after the ex-Governor, took legal measures for changing it to TUMMUS. Another tells a singular story of a cat belonging to his great-aunt. This animal, hitherto a credit to his sex and station in society, refuses any longer to answer to the name of TOM. He flies with consistent ferocity at all who thus tamper with his feelings, and can only be pacified by telling him that he shall have a rat called JEFF. DAVIS for dinner. Tom-atoes are in future to be called by any other name at Hartford, on the principle that their flavor will be improved by the change.

PROPER INDIGNATION.

WE must say that we justify the tone of the committee appointed to inquire into building matters and things around the Capitol. When men go and lay slate on the roof of a structure like the extension to the Treasury building, in such a manner that the joints are all unbroken and the rain pours in from several thousand cracks, *we* say the matter ought to be ventilated. (By "matter" we don't mean "building," as that is already ventilated, as we see, through the roof.) And that isn't all, by a jug full. When a couple of architects like Messrs. CLARK and YOUNG contrive to perpetrate, in one building effort, all the known absurdities of the art, and besides make the structure cost two or three million dollars more than anybody supposed it would or *could* cost, and no one finds it out for ever so long, *we* say it is time to open our eyes and look around. And, having done so, what do we see? In the simple and idiomatic language of the Committee, we see an immense amount of work that "ought to have been done in ashlar," but wasn't. By "ashlar" we suppose is meant "Halifax." If so, agreed. On the principle that "the longer the antæs the more insecure the structure"—which who can doubt?—we perceive that "the strength which would have been derived from these antæs, had they been constructed according to the principles of stereotomy," is literally thrown away. It doesn't—or, rather, they don't—amount to a "row of pins." Take the Girard College, Merchants' Exchange, etc. "By studying either of these buildings, the observer can plainly discern why books of masonry require that such work shall be bonded with headers, binders and stretchers, and how insecurity arises from a neglect of these rules."

We could say a good deal more, in the same style as the foregoing, but we think we have demonstrated one thing, at least, namely—that we know a "heap" more about masonry, architecture, tiles, and other abstruse things, than CLARK and YOUNG ever knew or ever will know, though they have had all the jobs and profits, and we have never humbugged the Government out of a cent.

We are getting monstrously tired of the way things are done in this country. What is the use of being meritorious, if other folks, who ain't, go in and get all the loaves and fishes? We might far better have never drank at the Pierian spring or mastered science after science, till their names could hardly be inscribed on one of Messrs. CLARK & YOUNG'S preposterous antæ. But such is life.

FREEMASONRY IN WASHINGTON.

GRAND DUETTO OF MESSRS. CLARK AND YOUNG, OFFICERS OF THE BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION.

CLARK.

IN bleak New-England, in my blue-nosed youth,
I climbed tall trees, for other folks's fruit;
My sharpened mind pried everywhere by day,
By night I mused and dreamed of future "loot."
By "snooping round," where builders were at work,
I got a notion how they made a frame:
I built a one-horse "mill" in Hartford town,
In Brattleboro town I did the same.

YOUNG.

I came from here, from there, from anywhere—
I lived, no matter how—who cares with whom?—
I kept my bread well buttered, though—trust *me!*—
And always *would* have light and elbow-room.
I early saw that Science does no good;
Men's learning makes them modest, ten to one;
This is the way I've learned to trim my sails:
I carry out what others have begun.

CLARK.

The sportsman true can always find his game!
The eagle scents his quarry in the wind:
A spoilsman keen, I hied to Washington—
Leaving a certain "quarry," though, behind.
Old BOWMAN quickly made me his Chief Clerk;
Thence swift I mounted to this height supreme:
Then how my LEARNED'S quarry gaped its mouth—
My YOUNG! how soon we proved ourselves a team!

YOUNG.

I build a better wall around myself
Than we've erected for the Government;
I tell not how I came to mate with you:
I'm *here*, my CLARK! I thrive; I am content.
I've looked to see our masonry give out;
I've rather thought they'd sometime put us through;
What matter, CLARK?—the spell has done its work—
And we've done ours; and got our money, too.

BOTH.

When millions go, where thousands would suffice;
When gross ill-taste is unrebuked displayed;
When ignorance may sun itself for years
While public interests languish in the shade:
Welcome, presumptuous schemers, sharp and keen—
Land-pirates—leeches—venal wretches all!—
Brandish your trowels—plaster here and there—
And you shall build your fortunes ere you fail.

Sticking It On.

NOW that postage-stamps have become a legal tender, much additional force is given to the verb "to Stick," as applied in the sense of dealing sharply in pecuniary transactions.

No Last Ditch There.

CONGRESS adjourned on Thursday last, *sine* Die.

HOMŒOPATHIC.

Working Man.—"Oh! it's a substertute you want, to fight in yer place? I guess there's a big monkey at Barnum's might be a good exchange for yer!"

"'Twere Well 'twere Done Quickly."

It is thought by some that the Honorable Ben Wood is innocent; by others that he is guilty. In either case his conduct has been strangely inconsistent, and so long as we have such institutions as Warren and Lafayette, we think that the Honorable Gentleman ought at least to be In Keeping!

Sea Pinks.

A descriptive writer, jubilant about an aquatic excursion, says: "The bay is like glass, with long swells occasionally coming in from the sea."

Of course the Long Swells referred to are fashionable mermen, coming in to see how they look in the glass of the bay.

Pebbly Beach Philosophy.

"Women," remarked the Contemplative Man, "are deep as the blue waters of yon bay."

"Ay, sir," rejoined the Disappointed Man, "and as full of Craft."

Where is the Difference?

The London Money Market is reported without change. We have to report, as a singular coincidence, that the New-York money market is no better.

A Military Opinion.

The worst uniform that could have been adopted by the War Department was the Check put upon the Recruiting Sergeant.

The Music of the Spheres.

Ball Music.

MOTHER GOOSE TO ONE CHANDLER, M.C. FROM MICHIGAN.

Goosey Michi-Gander,
Why to Stanton dost pander,
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in the Senate Chamber?

Beware, Michi-Gander!
If McClellan thou slander
Thus, up stairs and down stairs
And in the Senate Chamber—

Lest some friend, Michi-Gander,
Of our Great Commander
Kick thee up stairs and down stairs,
And from the Senate Chamber!

THE "TRIBUNE" ON LOUD CHEERS.

In alluding to General McClellan, at the great meeting in Union square, last week, Col. James Fairman said: "It is time we have done with a General who is popular with our enemies."

This remarkable sentiment, according to the *Tribune* report of the speech, was received with "loud cheers"—an assertion which may be true or otherwise, especially otherwise.

We say "especially otherwise," because the *Tribune* would have said "deep groans" instead of "loud cheers," had the same remark been applied to General Fremont. There is a fine old crusty flavor of insincerity about the Rabid Press, which palls, however, upon the palate of those who are so weak as to dissipate on it. We don't dissipate on it. Not much. Disunion inebriates do, however; and we have no doubt that some of them got religiously "tight" upon the *Tribunal* assertion that an attack upon a General who is not, like the Rabid Press, afflicted with color-blindness, was received with "loud cheers."

It would be cheering, just now, to have the names of the "cheerers;" but we hardly expect to get that piece of information from the *Tribune*, which combines deep ingratitude with perfect respectability, and would not acknowledge, personally, the poor relations who do the feeble "loud cheers" for it, any more than if they were mere colored persons and brothers.

REASONS WHY A SOLDIER MAY FAIRLY REMAIN ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

If he has lost both arms and both legs.

If he has lost all self-respect.

If he has a conical shell lodged in any part of his body, and cannot get at it to put in a fresh fuse.

If he thinks the perfume of a Broadway fancy-shop nicer than the smell of gunpowder.

If he thinks it better to remain in the city and live on *foie gras*, than to go out on the battle-field and perhaps die by a fall on the grass.

If he feels within himself a call to join the Shakers, as soon as ever the sharpshooters begin to lay on their pepper.

If he thinks himself fitter for the shady side of the City Hall Park, than for the Richmond side of the Chickahominy Swamp.

If tincture of steel doesn't agree with his constitution.

If he doesn't believe in sugar of lead.

If he objects to serving with artillery on account of the liability of the guns to burst.

If he objects to serving with cavalry on account of the liability of horses to fall.

If he objects to serving with real soldiers at all, on account of the liability of real soldiers to get shot.

If he is a sluggard,
And a muff,
And a Coward.

DRAFTS.

Gentleman of Color.—"YAH! YAH! DARKEY HAB DE BEST OB IT NOW. DAR'S DE WHITE MAN'S DRAFF, AND HERE'S DE NIGGAH'S!"

THE NOBLE FOGY.

LAGGY old Lord BROUGHAM has been treating the House of Lords lately, to one of his monologue entertainments —subject, American affairs in general, and the American war in particular. His entertainment, so far as the reports instruct us, was of a rather monotonous character; destitute of the dramatic effects which the HARRY BROUGHAM of other days, like our own JOHN, knew so well how to impart to a burlesque *divertissement*, and, to be short, stupid to the verge of ultimate drivelry.

This is not a subject to be light and airy over, on which account we are going to handle it with our sad-colored gloves on. We are going to be very dreary over it, gentle reader, and if you will only have the goodness to be quite unhappy and depressed during the short space which it will take you to read these few remarks of ours, the mortuary character of our meeting will be charmingly complete.

HARRY BROUGHAM was a gay young fellow, full of fun and full of glee. He was the originator, also, of that exquisite checked fabric for trousers commonly called "sheperd's plaid." Is it not melancholy, then, that a person of such attainments, such accomplishments, and so large an amount of moral attributes, should have introduced such an indigestible *morceau* as the following into the entertainment devised by him for the Peers of the Realm?

"The inhabitants of the same village were banded against each other, and neighboring farmers and proprietors daily armed themselves and went forth, not to fight in their armies, but to carry on a sort of private warfare, and to gratify their feelings of animosity or revenge."

It is true that at Hoboken—which is, in all probability, the place denoted as "the same village" by the noble nonagenarian, certain dissensions have existed, do exist, and are very likely to persevere in existing. But lately, two bands of armed sbirri might have been observed going forth from that "same village" to decide wager of battle upon a small but gory glade of the territory known as the Elysian Fields. They were admirably equipped in ball-proof jerkins of spurious flannel, trimmed gaily with the respective colors dear to the respective factions, and their mild features were lighted up with a determination to die or perish in the attempt. The whacks bestowed by these discordant young men with their heavy clubs resounded for fifty miles along the palisades that fringe the noble Hudson to the northward. They were playing a deep game, and they had staked all their tavern checks upon it, for there was no specie for leagues around. They were not very bad young men, and their little game was Base Ball.

Lacquered boots were first introduced to the obsequious British Public by HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM and VAUX; on which account we think we had a right to expect that less confusion should have existed in that nobleman's mind between spherical case-shot and the equally spherical but far less enervating ball indulged in by the "inhabitants of the same village." The human mind is a psychological Sphynx, however, even when the *passe-partout* in which it is contained is nothing short of a British nobleman ninety years old.

BROUGHAM and VAUX!—once, indeed, there was a fine cymbalesque clang in the combination. Now, alas! it is but "sound and fury, signifying nothing;" a citation which we, in honor of the circumstances, hereby gloomily latinize by *Vaux et præterea nihil*. Oh! that the melancholy task should devolve upon us to say such a thing!

When HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM, first became popular with the masses by carrying a thick-set gingham umbrella, and wearing a bald white hat with an unnecessary weed upon it, who could have foretold that at the age of ninety he would have been so far behind the century? True, there was no electric telegraph when he was on pap; but that fact is only contradictory when taken in connection with the wiry character of his mind and body. To it we cannot conscientiously attribute the vacuousness about American affairs displayed by his lordship at the age of four-score and a half.

An effete aristocracy was first instructed by Lord BROUGHAM and VAUX in the art of extracting superfluous hairs from the nostril with a silver nippers. America, ever swift to switch a good mechanical idea on to the labor-saving track, showed that the same thing could be done better by a recondite Chinese powder, manufactured in quantities to suit the trade at Patchogue, L. I. *Hinc*, possibly, *illæ lachrymæ*.

The fatal mistake of HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM and VAUX—a mistake that has dogged his footsteps along the path of life, and made him what he is—is that he was not born a Connecticut man. It is known that he whittles. In his retirement at Cannes, in France, his chief butler appears before him at a certain hour every day, and says "Whittles is on the table." His genius is essentially Yankee, and had he only been of Connecticut instead of Northumberland, great marvels in the way of notions must have sprouted from his arable intellect. His faults are those of education. A common-school course in Connecticut, and he had never committed himself as he has just done before the House of Lords, when he struck his wild banjo to the popular tune, and told them that the hamleteers of the "same village" here at the North have given up the arts of peace, and gone in at each other in a paroxysm of "private warfare," cottage against cottage.

THE DYSPEPTIC TO THE HOLOTHURIADÆ.

"The *holothuriadæ*, the rarest class of echinoderms, will next engage the observer. These, like the others previously mentioned, are found, in plenty, in New-York Bay, at depths ranging from thirty to forty feet, and are called by the fishermen sea-turnips; by some, the sea-cucumber. Their *tentaculæ* have the appearance of the leaves of a plant, and they are remarkable for the amazing property of being able to literally turn themselves inside out, thereby shedding their stomachs, and renewing their digestive organs; this is the more surprising that their outer surface is covered with a fuzzy coating resembling fine hair or roots.—*N. Y. Times.*"

Rare nondescripts—so humble yet so blest!
Oh! that your wondrous power—
One species' special dower—
Had been conferred as well on all the rest!

Oh! that I were a Hollow Thuriad,
(Genus *Echinoderm*,)
Or *any* kind of worm
Except a Hollow Man, who *must* feel bad!

How sweet it were, when life became a curse,
And I could take no food—
To strip myself quite nude,
And in a moment life's machine reverse!

Oh! the ecstatic rapture of the hour!
How I would laugh at pain,
And medicine disdain,
And revel, *revel* in my new-found power!

How these weak watery eyes would gloat on beef!
My yellow skin would blush—
For rosy life would rush
Madly, in veins long used to torpid grief.

Strange dispensation!—*You*, a crawling thing,
With little ugly arms,
And other such-like charms,
Gifted as ne'er was prophet, priest, or king?

No food, no thought, no eager daily strife,
Weakens *your* gastric juice:
Your mind is so obtuse,
One stomach should have answered all your life!

Base tenant of the Hudson's cozy slime!
Resign your precious gift,
And make some other shift!
I would be happy, in the summer-time!

A Geographical Skedaddle.

GROUND Sloping rapidly in any given direction.

Morganatic.

A SHARPSHOOTER in one of the German regiments has had made for himself a very thick pair of boots with sharp toes, with which he has bound himself by oath to kick JACK MORGAN when they catch him. He calls these boots his "Hessian Invaders."

ROSE-WATER JETS.

On the principle of *lucus a non*, it has become quite the thing to apply the term "rose-water officers" to military pretenders whose odor is anything but spicy.

By and by, when the Rebel chiefs carry out their little idea about dying in the last ditch, they may well be handed over to history as "raise-water officers," in allusion to the way in which they are likely to dam that apocryphal excavation with their corpuses.

If the expression "rose-water officers" is at all applicable to those at whom it is usually levelled, how much more appropriate would that of "Spike-nard officers" be to such heroes as have gone in and disabled the enemy's guns!

Rue may safely be given as an emblematic herb to Rebels; unless they would prefer the balmy vegetation known as "skunk-cabbage," which, in all likelihood, grows in great luxuriance on the borders of the last ditch.

"Balm-of-Columbia officers" might be a good expression to denote our best fellows in the field. It could not consistently be used, however, with reference to the spurious valetudinarians in our midst, for whom "camomile-tea," or "came-several-hundred-miles tea," would be about the right adjective.

"Extract-of-gun-cotton officers" would be a neat and playful form of allusion to such combustible chiefs as General Butler, who has been Long Staple as a genuine article of leader.

Con.: By a Rustic.

When is a soldier's ammunition-box like a country road?
When it is full of cart-ridges.

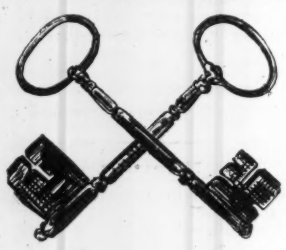
FOUND WANTING.

Respectfully Inscribed to Major-General J. C. F.

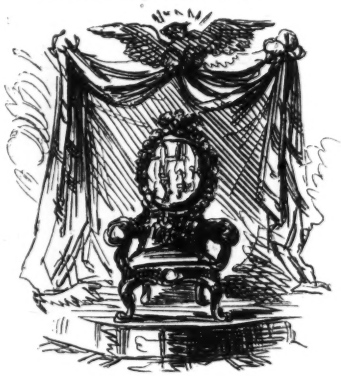
A General went him forth to plough
In Shenandoah's pleasant field,
And ploughing, made a solemn vow
The ground for him this crop should yield:

He had a Staff of titled men
To give him prestige fine and fair;
And, lest he might slip back again,
He got this thing to boost him there:

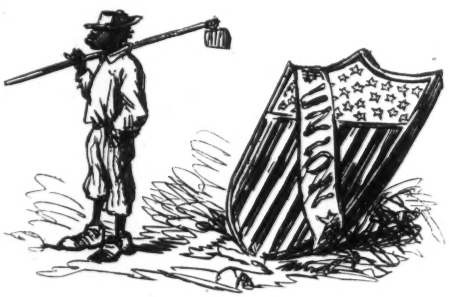
So back and forth the General ploughed,
Till trees were broad and green of leaf;
But Fate finds out the weak and proud,
And this was where he came to grief:



A better man now holds the plough,
A man whose bullets never miss—
He aims at quenching Treason, now;
The other only aims at this:



Now, Generals, you that read this song,
With warning let its moral strike;
You cannot prosper well or long
By loving these two just alike!



SIMMONY.

It is a very great pity, amounting nearly to a misfortune, in fact, that Senator Simmons does not spell his name with one m, because, did he only do so, a very neat and ingenious twist might have been imparted to the word at the head of this paragraph. "Simony," in church law-talk, is a word used to denote venal profligacy in the sale of preferments. It is derived from Simon, whose memory dwells within it. By and by, when years have elapsed, our own Simmons shall enjoy a similar honor, and the corrupt practice of selling official influence to procure contracts or other Government favors, will go down to all posterity by the savory name of Simmony.

Not Yet.

Advices from Richmond inform us that Baton Rouge has not yet fallen into our hands. It must come by and by, though. The plain English of Baton Rouge, be it remembered, is *red stick*; taking a hint from which, let us give it a position upon our Staff, by the style and title of our "Red Stick in Waiting."

The New Him for the Army.

Halleck-lujah.

"Pull Dick, Pull Devil."

The *Richmond Despatch*, commenting on the recent battles before the rebel capital, says, the ardor of the (rebel) troops was such that they would have waged equal battle with Satan and all his hosts, had his Tartarean Majesty confronted them instead of mortal Yankees.

We are inclined to believe this, for it would be only natural that the rebels should show a stiff fight against the diabolical legions, on the well-known principle of "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

OF THE "TIMES" UNTIMELY.

DISMAL writer who does the funny articles for the London *Times*—can it be RUSSELL?—has lately undertaken to instruct festive America with regard to the manner of observing the Fourth of July. The smartness of this piece of didactic banter is very much of the burnt-cork order, consisting, chiefly, of a burlesque in bloated English upon one of those orations which have long been a conventional feature of what the tumbler of the *Times* calls the "rhetorical Saturnalia" of our national festival. It is a good deal in the style, in fact, of that popular address delivered by Mr. BRYANT, (not the minstrel of the *Post*, but the other minstrel) in which the reiteration of the dictum, "Dat's what's de matter," is safe to bring down the house. As a piece of composition, however, it is inferior to that production. Beer is its obvious inspiration, and the only p'int, as the Cockneys say, of which it is really redolent, is the pewter one.

It is a great pity that the writers for the London *Times*, which is in some particulars a journal not devoid of merit, should persist in muddling their intellects with heavy British malt liquors. Double X appears to be as necessary to the editorial columns of that journal as double lead. Ant-and-ant pervades its puffy paragraphs with a heavy malt-house odor. Pig-tail tobacco, coarse and stringy, is the weed by which its whilom flowers are now choked and blighted.

Why do you swill so much beer, you great fat man who edit the London *Times?* Is your burden so heavy to you that nothing short of the strongest Porter can ease the weight of it from your shoulders? The most ponderous of our American Teutons, one equal to his thirty-two pints of Bavarian beer per afternoon, for instance, is quite a skittish kitten compared with you, you big fat man who try to be funny in the London *Times*. That is because the Teuton possesses a well-regulated mind. Swill reduces the heavy Briton to the level of the grovelling hog, while the ponderous Teuton seems elevated by it to the stature, and somewhat the figure, of the elephant.

If the fat man of the London *Times* is not such a fatuous ninny-hammer as to ignore the fact of his being perfectly idiotic when he means to be funny, he will, perhaps, awake to the conclusion that something ought to be done to save him from the jeers of clever people. Now, although we profess to belong to the latter persuasion, we will not utterly despise the F. M. of the London *Times*, but, on the contrary, will endeavor to improve his mind by giving him the following advice, gratis:

Don't keep always imagining, you Fat Man, that every idea, article, and object, which happens to vary a little from the traditional British type, is therefore essentially bad, ludicrous, and in every way objectionable. Our Fourth-of-July Saturnalia, as you politely term our national festival, for example, might have appeared less ridiculous to you, had not befogging British beer clouded you into oblivion of your own anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Within a very few years, as you are aware—long since you were a big fat man, indeed, used the streets of London to fume and sputter with Fourth-of-July frenzy upon the Fifth of each November. Your squibs were inferior to ours, certainly; but *en revanche* for that your Guys were more general and conspicuous. Personally, as a Guy, you stand unrivalled. We admit that.

Do not affect to think that the "buncombe" oration is a "Yankee notion." It is out of fashion with you, now, because British beer has washed out British brilliancy; but your own eminent BURKE, allow us to remark, saw the sublime and beautiful in "buncombe," and so did all your great Parliamentary orators, as long as you had any.

Get an atlas and a gazetteer, and hire a little American boy to teach you something about the geography and topographical arrangements of this, to you, *terra incognita*. This is disinterested advice for us to give; for we shall lose many a good laugh as your blunders give way before the guidance of Young America.

Don't profess to quote or in any way use American expressions or pleasantries, until your education is more advanced.

Leave off writing trashy "leaders" upon American affairs.

Mind your own business.

Take to fancy American drinks, and give up all idea of ever being a funny writer.

Keep your head cool, your feet moderately warm, take a Turkish bath now and then, and use the German chalybeate waters with punctuality and despatch.

By observing these directions you may eventually become something better than a mere big Fat Man.

THE VICAR OF KNOCKSVILLE.

THE *Daily Times* has lately been beating up rowdy-dow upon what old HUDIBRAS calls "drum ecclesiastic," by throwing out a very sensible suggestion as to what is the best thing to be done with Parson BROWNLOW. We refer to the article in that journal recommending the appointment of the renowned clergyman-of-war to the post of Brigadier-General. We endorse, with energy, the suggestion of the *Times*. Already have all of the lay professions contributed their quota, respectively, to army commands. Lawyers have Deeds to show, now, out of which laurels grow instead of litigation. Physicians have thrown in their blue-pills at long and short range, and surgeons have performed operations never previously contemplated by them, with instruments not to be found in the category of the chirurgical cutler. An astronomer has left off treating things in a milky way, and pitches with his stars (and stripes) into the Southern Cross, like a meteor on an eccentric frolic. Editors have gone into conducting columns after a fashion hitherto unknown to journalism; and literary Bohemians are drawing upon the powder-magazines instead of the monthlies, for their ammunition.

Of the learned professions, then, the Church is the only one left unrepresented—for the regimental chaplain is considered a non-combatant, and carries a paper-knife in lieu of a sword. Now is the time to atone for this error on the part of the War Bureau. The service demands that a new and fresh kind of Brigadier should be served up to it. Let this be done, at once. Let the new and fresh Brigadier be none other than Parson BROWNLOW, and, in serving him up to the service, let him be served up on a Charger. We would not have the double-fisted Parson go into the field divested of all his clerical equipments, either. Where black treason has to be combatted, a white Choker is extremely appropriate, and you may trust the Parson for that. We would not be JEFF. DAVIS in W. G. BROWNLOW'S grip for all the dining-saloon small-change-substitute tickets yet issued in New-York—no, not for all the counterfeit bank-bills of the Severe House, even, which so strongly resemble the real thing, but with which a fellow has got to suffer a good deal before he can see change. It will be interesting to watch the career of the Rev. General BROWNLOW in his new position of professional fighting-man. How glorious a sight would be a duello, or private tilt, between him and the Rev. General LEONIDAS BISHOP POLK should they ever meet upon the battle-field, or rather upon the prayer-ie, as reverend combatants should! Equally at home would our BROWNLOW feel in the rifle-pit as in the pul-pit, if the authorities will only give him a chance to "put in his licks;" and when that comes to pass—as we hope for the good of the country in general, and of Tennessee in particular, it will—we shall be sorely disappointed if the Rev. General BROWNLOW, of Knocksville, does not leave a text from MARK upon the face of the Union's Foe!

A RIDDLE EASILY SOLVED.

SEVERAL of the robust heroes who are swaggering about our streets on sick leave, appear to have enjoyed remarkably hair-breadth escapes from the "winged messengers of death." One permanently dwells within a coat curiously riddled by balls that must have been poured in from all points of the compass, and yet, singular to relate, there are no corresponding marks upon his invulnerate person. Another exhibits an article that can no longer be termed a "pair" of pantaloons, as one of the legs has been carried away by a round shot. The soldier who wears them—he is on sick leave and goes a good deal to the theatres—has two sound legs. Regimental caps through which bullets have eaten their way are quite common, but we have not observed that any of the wearers had their hair "raised" by the contact.

Now it becomes a matter for serious consideration as to why and wherefore we should have military imposters at large among us. Already we have been aware of more than one "cavalry officer" whose name does not appear upon the accredited lists of the army. Charitable persons of relaxed minds are frequently imposed upon by sturdy mendicants in military garb; but all this is endurable, if not pleasant, compared with the liability to be called on for sympathy with some artful dodger in shoddy, whose clothes must have been hanging out to dry when they "drew the fire" of the enemy.

This kind of riddle is getting to be a nuisance, and it is a Riddle not very difficult to solve.